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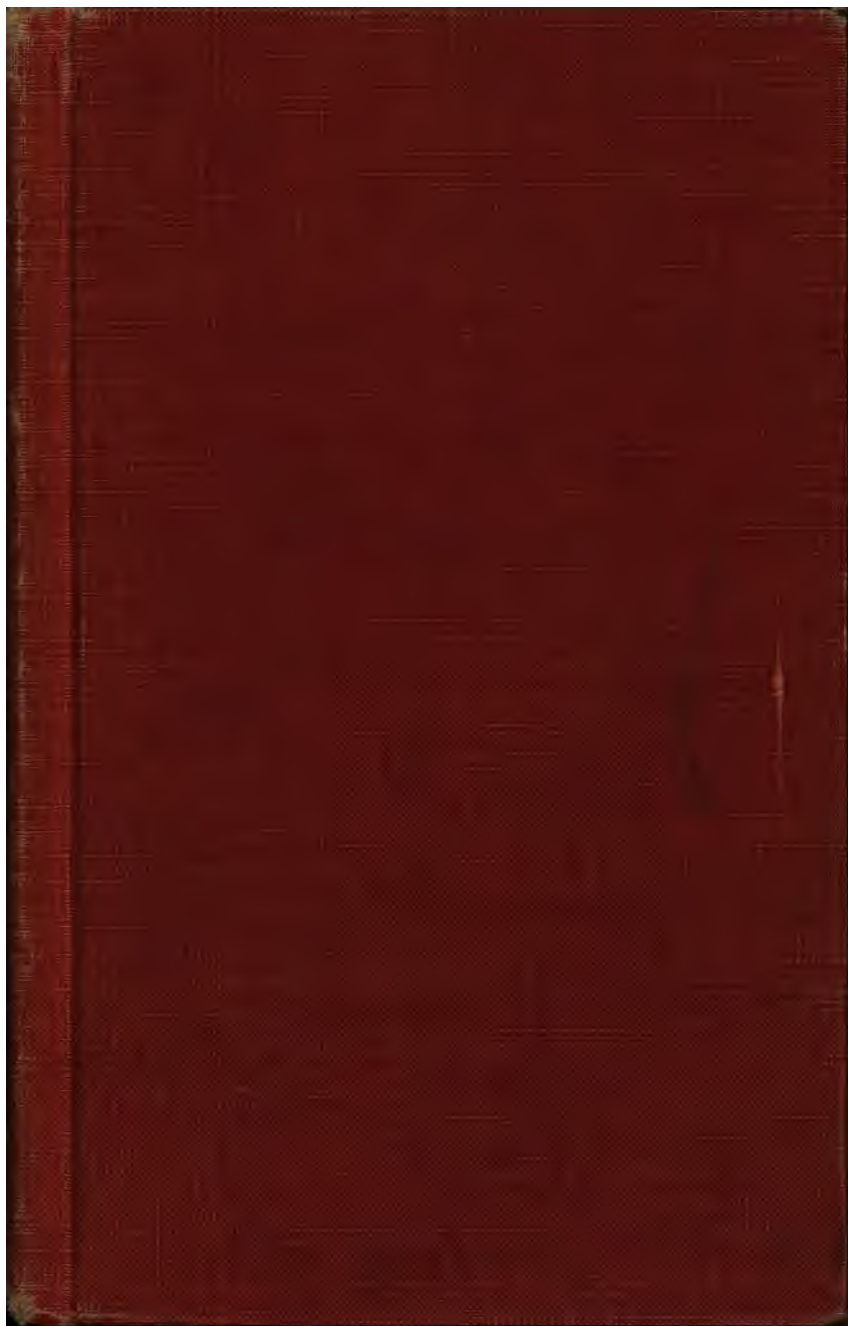
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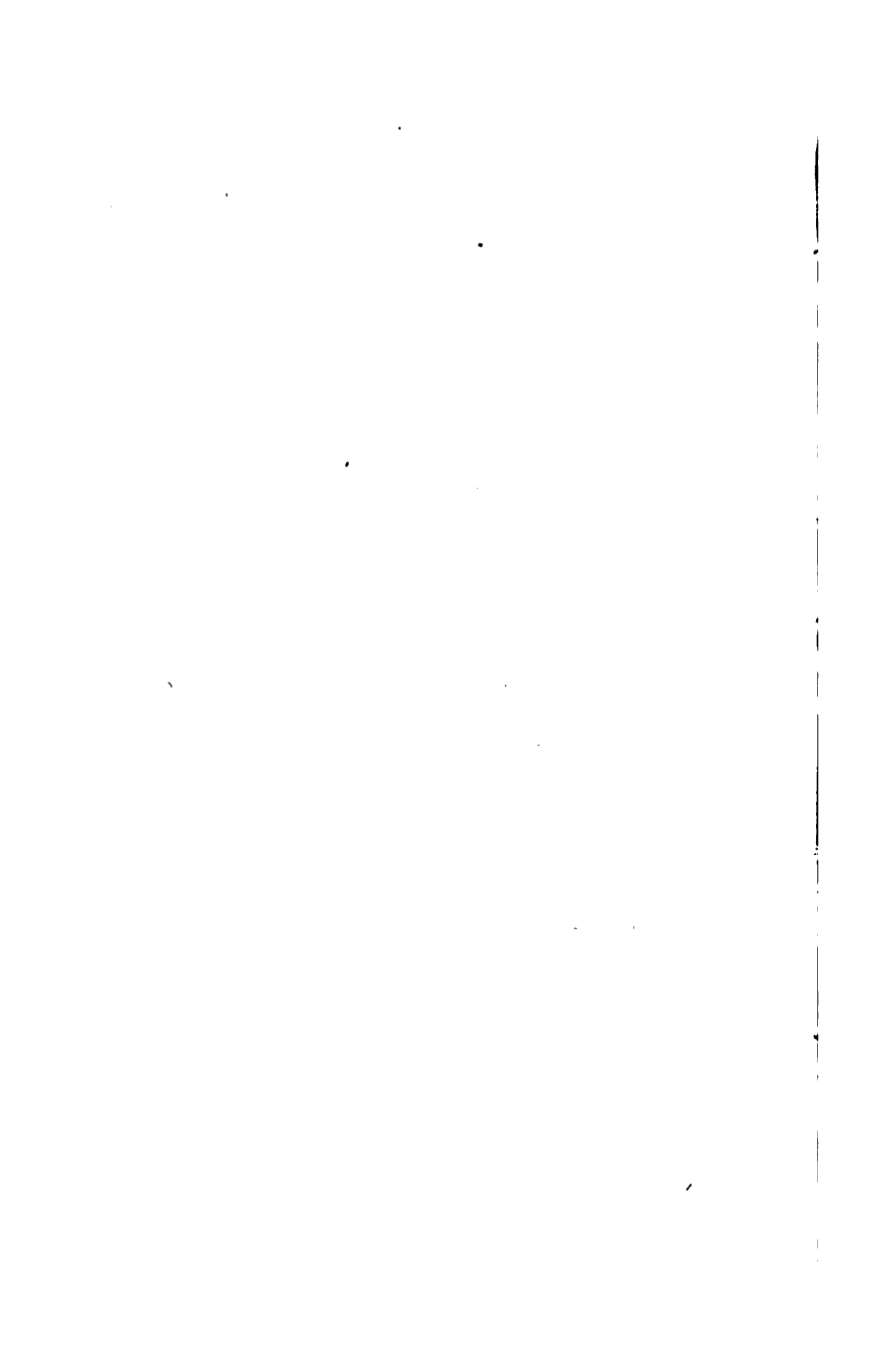
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A REST FOR WEARY PILGRIMS FOUND:
THEY SOFTLY LIE AND SWEETLY SLEEP
LOW IN THE GROUND.

THE STORM THAT WRECKS THE WINTER SKY
NO MORE DISTURBS THEIR DEEP REPOSE
THAN SUMMER EVENING'S LATEST SIGH
THAT SHUTS THE ROSE.

MONTGOMERY

THE GRAVE

A POEM

BY ROBERT BLAIR
ILLUSTRATED BY TWELVE ETCHINGS
EXECUTED BY L. SCHIAVONETTI
FROM THE ORIGINAL INVENTIONS OF
WILLIAM BLAKE

A NEW EDITION

METHUEN & CO.

LONDON

1903

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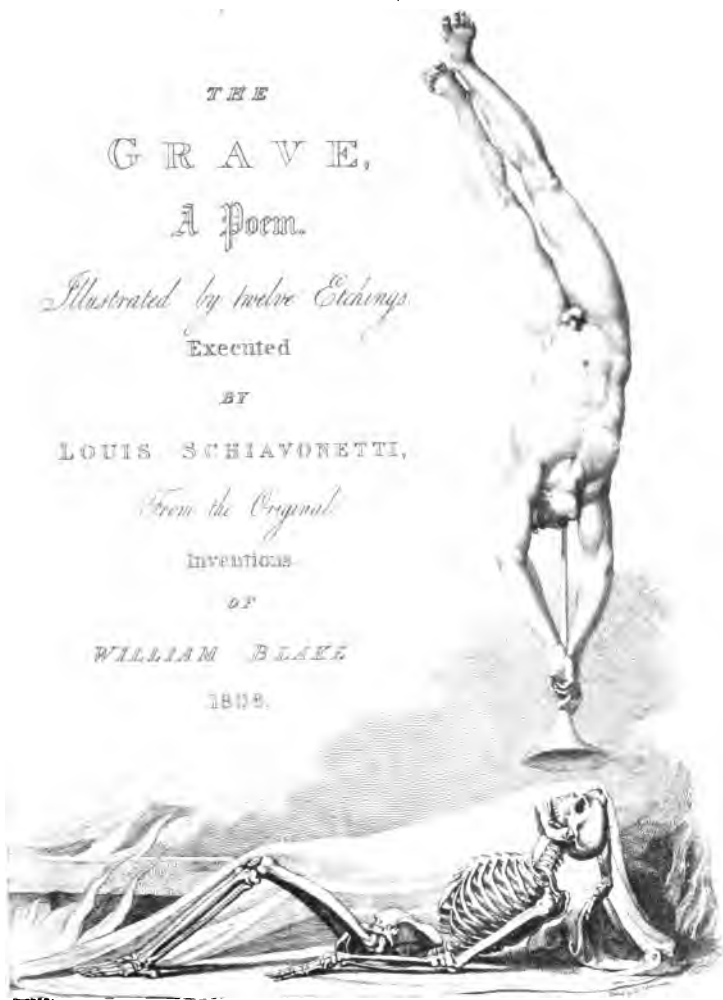
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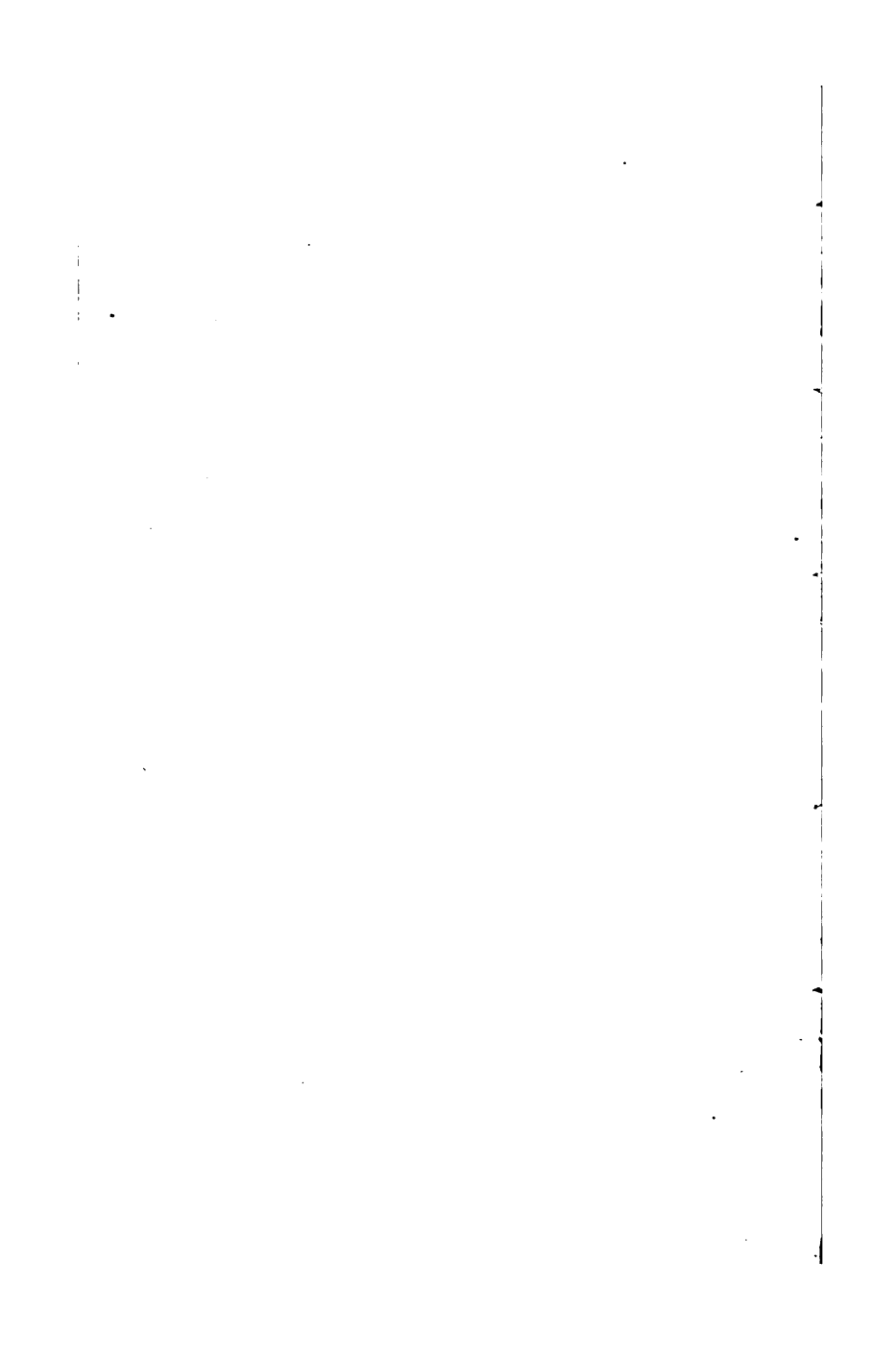
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1808.





TO
THE QUEEN

THE Door of Death is made of Gold,
That Mortal Eyes cannot behold;
But, when the Mortal Eyes are clos'd,
And cold and pale the Limbs repos'd,
The Soul awakes; and, wond'ring, sees
In her mild Hand the Golden Keys:
The Grave is Heaven's golden Gate,
And rich and poor around it wait;
O Shepherdess of England's Fold,
Behold this Gate of Pearl and Gold!

To dedicate to England's Queen
The Visions that my Soul has seen,
And, by Her kind permission, bring
What I have borne on solemn Wing,
From the vast regions of the Grave,
Before Her Throne my Wings I wave;
Bowing before my Sov'reign's Feet,
"The Grave produc'd these Blossoms sweet
In mild repose from Earthly strife;
The Blossoms of Eternal Life!"

WILLIAM BLAKE

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THE Proprietor of this Work feels highly gratified that it has afforded him an opportunity of contributing to extend those boundaries of the Art of Design which are in themselves of the greatest beauty and value: he takes no other merit but this to himself, and gratefully acknowledges how much he has been obliged to various gentlemen of refined taste,—artists of high rank, and men of established literary repute,—for the aid they have been kindly pleased to grant.

To the elegant and classical taste of Mr. FUSELI he is indebted for excellent remarks on the moral worth and picturesque dignity of the Designs that accompany this Poem. Mr. PHILIPS is entitled to his kindest thanks, for the capitably painted Portrait of Mr. WILLIAM BLAKE, which is here presented to the Subscribers; and to Mr. SCHIAVONETTI he is under still greater obligations for a SERIES OF ETCHINGS which, it is not too much praise to say, no other artist could have executed so ably.

That he might know how far he was warranted in calling the attention of the connoisseur to what he himself imagined to be a high and original effort of genius, the Proprietor submitted the Drawings,

before they were engraved, to the following gentlemen, members of the Royal Academy of Painting, in London. He would esteem himself culpable if he were to dismiss this Advertisement without publicly acknowledging the honourable and most liberal testimonial they bore to their excellence.

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PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

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JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, Esq.	HENRY TRESHAM, Esq.

R. H. CROMEK.

LONDON, *July 1808.*

THE moral series here submitted to the Public, from its object and method of execution, has a double claim on general attention.

In an age of equal refinement and corruption of manners, when systems of education and seduction go hand in hand; when religion itself compounds with fashion; when in the pursuit of present enjoyment, all consideration of futurity vanishes, and the real object of life is lost—in such an age,

every exertion confers a benefit on society which tends to impress man with his destiny, to hold the mirror up to life, less indeed to discriminate its characters, than those situations which show what all are born for, what all ought to act for, and what all must inevitably come to.

The importance of this object has been so well understood at every period of time, from the earliest and most innocent, to the latest and most depraved, that reason and fancy have exhausted their stores of argument and imagery, to impress it on the mind: animate and inanimate nature, the seasons, the forest and the field, the bee and ant, the larva, chrysalis and moth, have lent their real or supposed analogies with the origin, pursuits, and end of the human race, so often to emblematic purposes, that instruction is become stale, and attention callous. The serpent with its tail in its mouth, from a type of eternity, is become an infant's bauble; even the nobler idea of Hercules pausing between virtue and vice, or the varied imagery of Death leading his patients to the grave, owe their effect upon us more to technic excellence than allegoric utility.

Aware of this, but conscious that affectation of originality and trite repetition would equally impede his success, the author of the moral series before us, has endeavoured to wake sensibility by touching our sympathies with nearer, less ambiguous, and less ludicrous imagery, than what mythology, Gothic

superstition, or symbols as far-fetched as inadequate, could supply. His invention has been chiefly employed to spread a familiar and domestic atmosphere round the most important of all subjects, to connect the visible and the invisible world, without provoking probability, and to lead the eye from the milder light of time to the radiations of eternity.

Such is the plan and the moral part of the author's invention; the technic part, and the execution of the artist, though to be examined by other principles, and addressed to a narrower circle, equally claim approbation, sometimes excite our wonder, and not seldom our fears, when we see him play on the very verge of legitimate invention; but wildness so picturesque in itself, so often redeemed by taste, simplicity, and elegance, what child of fancy, what artist would wish to discharge? The groups and single figures on their own basis, abstracted from the general composition, and considered without attention to the plan, frequently exhibit those genuine and unaffected attitudes, those simple graces which nature and the heart alone can dictate, and only an eye inspired by both, discover. Every class of artists, in every stage of their progress or attainments, from the student to the finished master, and from the contriver of ornament, to the painter of history, will find here materials of art and hints of improvement!

HENRY FUSELI.

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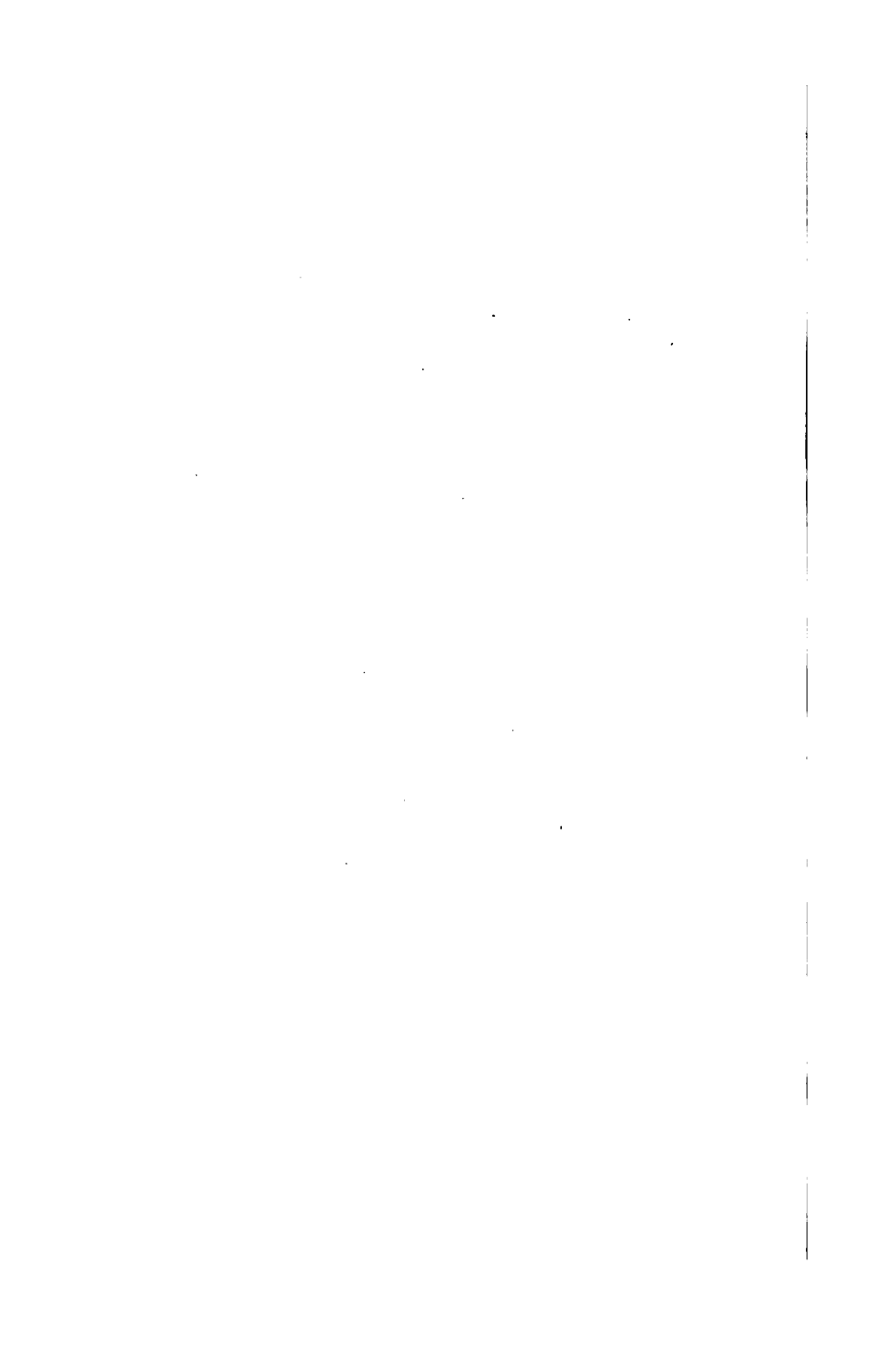


Christ descending into the Grave.

*Eternal King! whose potent Arm sustains
The Keys of Hell and Death.*

London, Published at the Theatre by Cadell & Davies, 1790 and

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THE GRAVE

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the
shade,

Some flee the city, some the hermitage ;

Their aims as various as the roads they take

In journeying through life ; the task be mine

To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb ;

Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all

These trav'lers meet. Thy succours I implore,

- Eternal King ! whose potent arm sustains

The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread
thing !

Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd : nature appall'd !

Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah ! how dark

Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes,

Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark
night,

Dark as was chaos ere the infant sun

Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams

Athwart the gloom profound ! The sickly taper,

By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty
vaults,

Furr'd round with mouldy damps and ropy slime,

THE GRAVE

Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows ;
 Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
 O'er some new open'd grave ; and, strange to
 tell,
 Evanishes at crowing of the cock !

The new - made widow too I've sometimes
 spied,
 (Sad sight !) slow moving o'er the prostrate
 dead :

Listless she crawls along in doleful black,
 While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
 Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
 Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
 She drops ; while busy meddling memory,
 In barbarous succession, musters up
 The past endearments of their softer hours,
 Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
 She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
 Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave ! how dost thou rend in
 sunder

Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one !
 A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
 Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul !

Naughty
 old
 grave

Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society!
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from
 me

Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
 Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
 And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
 Anxious to please. O! when my friend and I
 In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
 Hid from the vulgar eye; and sat us down
 Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
 In grateful errors through the under-wood,
 Sweet murm'ring; methought the shrill-tongu'd
 thrush

Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note;
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
 Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst every flower
 Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
 Of dress. O! then the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full
 heart

Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
 Too exquisite to last! Of joys departed,
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance! *The future*

Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful
 blood,
 Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,

And every smirking feature from the face ;
Branding our laughter with the name of mad-
ness.

Where are the jesters now ? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant ? Where the droll,
Whose very look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made e'en thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware ? Ah ! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them !

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war, *X*
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story ? Where the hot-brain'd
youth, *her army*

Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe ;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was ham-
per'd,

And had not room enough to do it's work ?
Alas, how slim—dishonourably slim !—
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name—
Proud royalty ! How alter'd in thy looks !
How blank thy features, and how wan thy
hue !

Son of the morning ! whither art thou gone ?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes,

Felt from afar? Pliant and pow'rless now :
 Like new-born infant wound up in his
 swathes,

Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
 That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife ;
 Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
 And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
 That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
 But only hop'd for in the peaceful Grave—
 Of being unmolested and alone ! —
 Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
 And honours by the herald duly paid
 In mode and form, e'en to a very scruple ;
 (O cruel irony!) these come too late ;
 And only mock whom they were meant to
 honour !

Surely there's not a dungeon slave that's buried
 In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
 But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound, as he.
 Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
 Above the baser born, to rot in state !

Confusion

But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nod-
 ding on,
 Stately and slow ; and properly attended
 By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
 The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad !

How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd

And glitt'ring in the sun! Triumphant entries
Of conquerors and coronation pomps

In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the casements

And houses' - tops, ranks behind ranks, close
wedg'd,

Hang belying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?

Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril

Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,

Why is the principal conceal'd for which
You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done;

What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage! now how little thou appear'st!

Below the envy of the private man!

Honour, that meddlesome officious ill,

Pursues thee e'en to death! nor there stops
short.

Strange persecution! when the Grave itself

Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd! to think to overreach the Grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!

Phew!

Shellock

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The meeting of a Family in Heaven.

London: Published May 17, 1818 by Colclough & Co., 3, Strand.

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Drawn by F. B. L.

Engraved by J. G. Chapman

The meeting of a Family in Heaven

London: Published May 1st 1848 by Colclough & Dumas, 50 Strand.

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Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
 Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
 And in a cruel wantonness of power
 Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
 To want the rest ; now, like a storm that's spent,
 Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.
 Vain thought! to hide them from the general
 scorn,

That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
 Implacable! Here too the petty tyrant,
 Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
 And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as
 short;

Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
 And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey,
 Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
 And piteous plaintive voice of misery
 (As if a slave were not a shred of nature,
 Of the same common nature with his lord);
 Now tame and humble, like a child that's
 whipp'd,
 Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his
 kinsman!

Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
 Precedency's a jest ; vassal and lord,
 Grossly familiar, side by side consume !

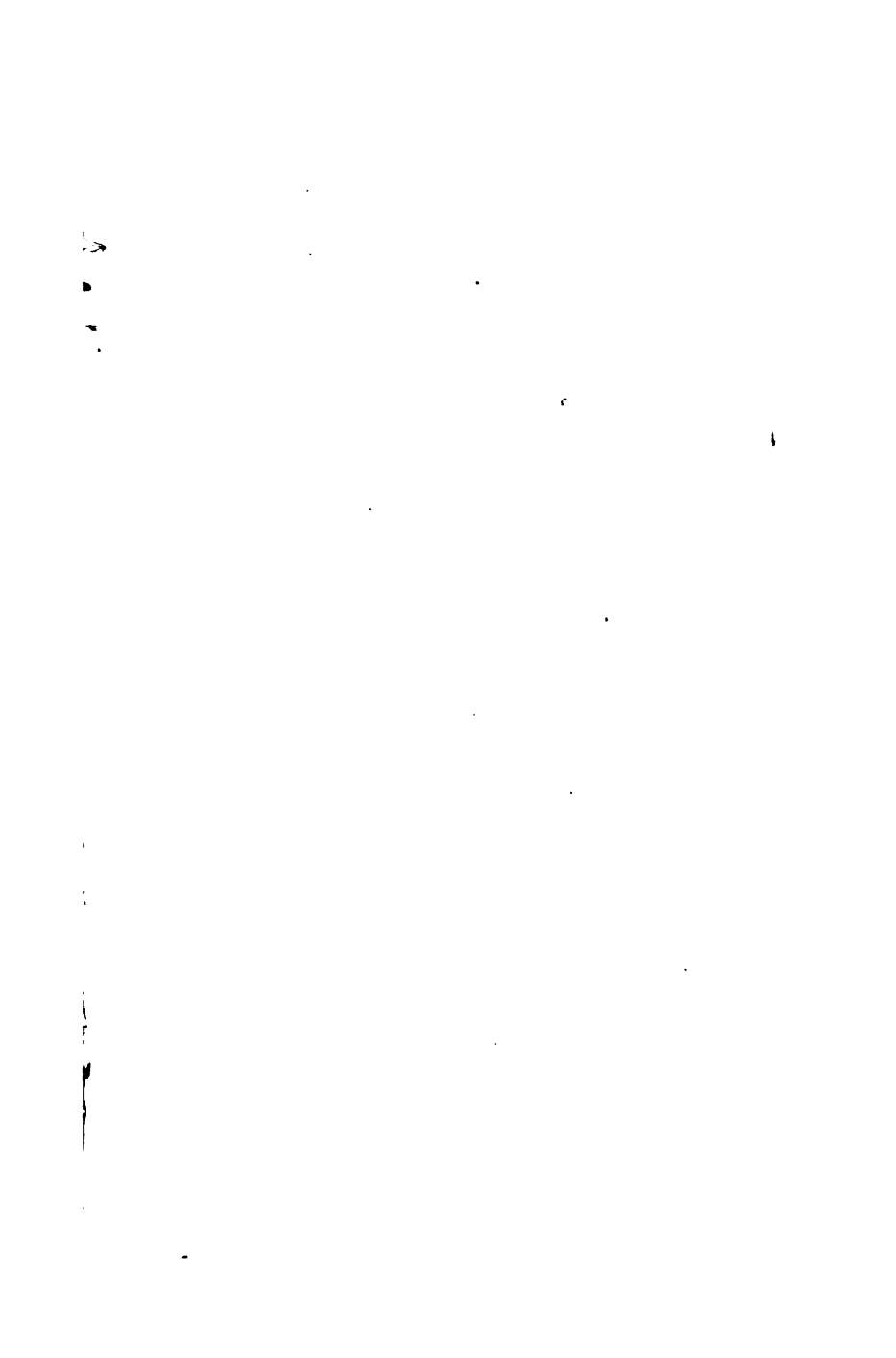
When self-esteem, or other's adulation,
 Would cunningly persuade us we were something

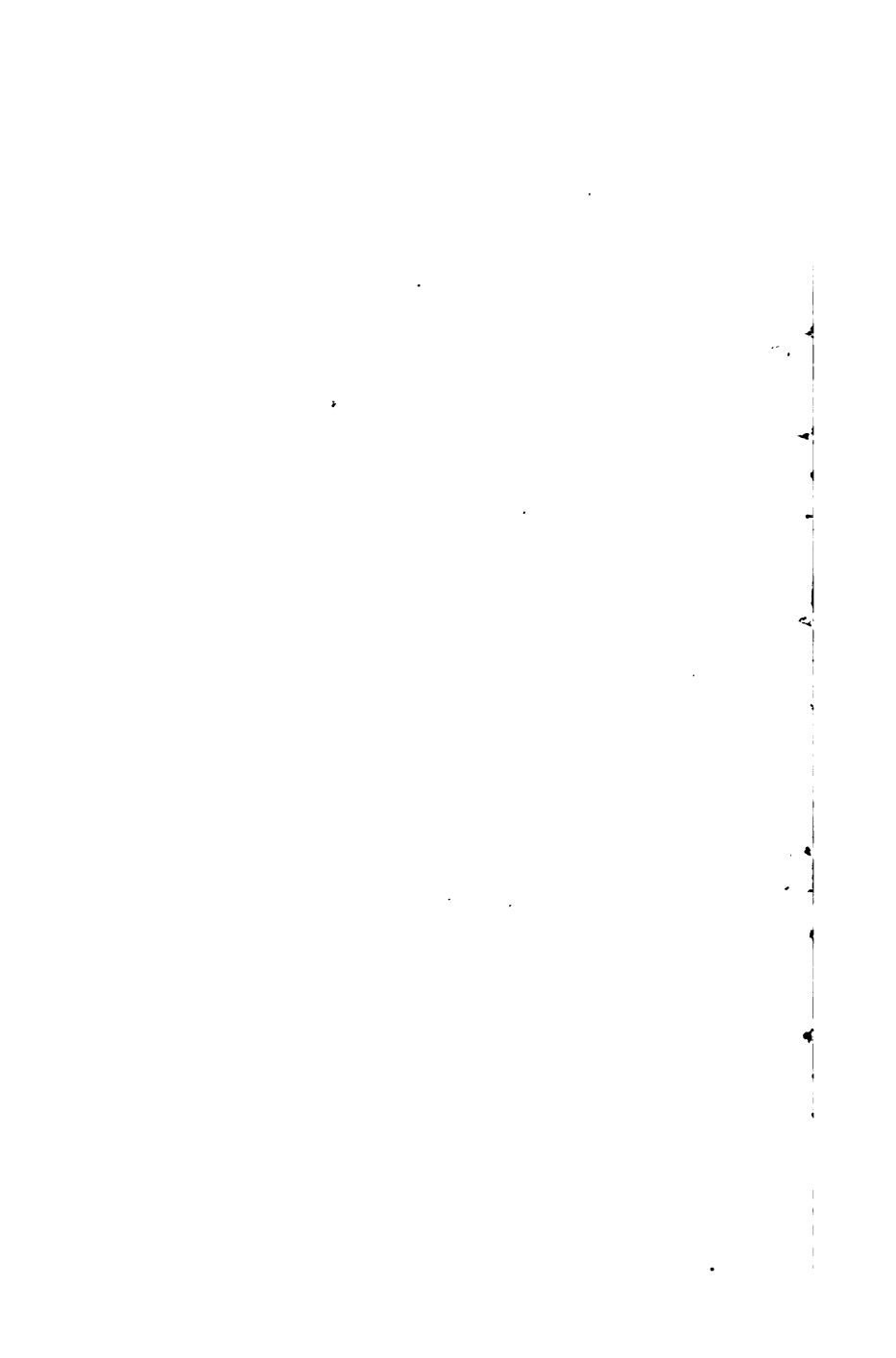
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The Counsellor, King, Warrior, Mother & Child, in the Tomb.

London, Published May 11, 1858. By W. G. Smith & Son, 15, Strand.





Above the common level of our kind,
 The Grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd
 flatt'ry,

And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!

That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,

And gives it a new pulse unknown before!

The Grave discredits thee. Thy charms ex-
 pung'd,

Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,

What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy
 lovers

Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee
 homage?

Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid;

Whilst, surfeited upon thy damask cheek,

The high fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,

Riots unscar'd. For this was all thy caution?

For this thy painful labours at thy glass,

T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,

For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul
 feeder!

Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,

And leave as keen a relish on the sense.

Look, how the fair one weeps! The conscious
 tears

Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:

Honest effusion! The swoln heart in vain

Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

THE GRAVE

Strength too! thou surly, and less gentle boast
 Of those that loud laugh at the village ring!
 A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
 With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
 That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
 What groan was that I heard? Deep groan in-
 deed,

With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
 From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
 By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
 Like a hard hunted beast. How his great heart
 Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
 To give the lungs full play! What now avail
 The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well spread
 shoulders?

See, how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
 Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold
 Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
 Just like a creature drowning! Hideous sight!
 O how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
 While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
 Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,
 And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan!
 It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
 Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
 Lies still! What mean'st thou then, O mighty
 boaster,
 To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the
 bull,

*1st good sense
 2nd*

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Death of the Strong Winded Man

It was the Day "Thank you, dear friend"

—The Doctor's Office in 1843, London.

722

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, located at the top right of the page.

THE GRAVE

13

Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man ;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife ?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube ; *Romantic*
And, trav'ling through the boundless length of
space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah ! proud man !
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head :
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails,
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies ! disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's
gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ails to passers-by !
Great man of language ! whence this mighty
change,
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head ?
Though strong Persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly Insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue,

Alas, how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and
silence

Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd
voice,

With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!
Raz'd from the book of fame; or, more pro-
voking,

Perchance some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along—
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm, with red resentment, the wan cheek!

Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock-defrauders of the tomb,
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate! Proud Æsculapius' son,
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand! From stubborn
shrubs

Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,

And vex'd them in the fire. Nor fly, nor insect,
 Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research!
 But why this apparatus? why this cost?
 Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave,
 Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
 With the long list of vouchers for thy cures? *See No*
 Alas, thou speak'st not. The bold impostor *written by*
 Looks not more silly when the cheat's found
 out.

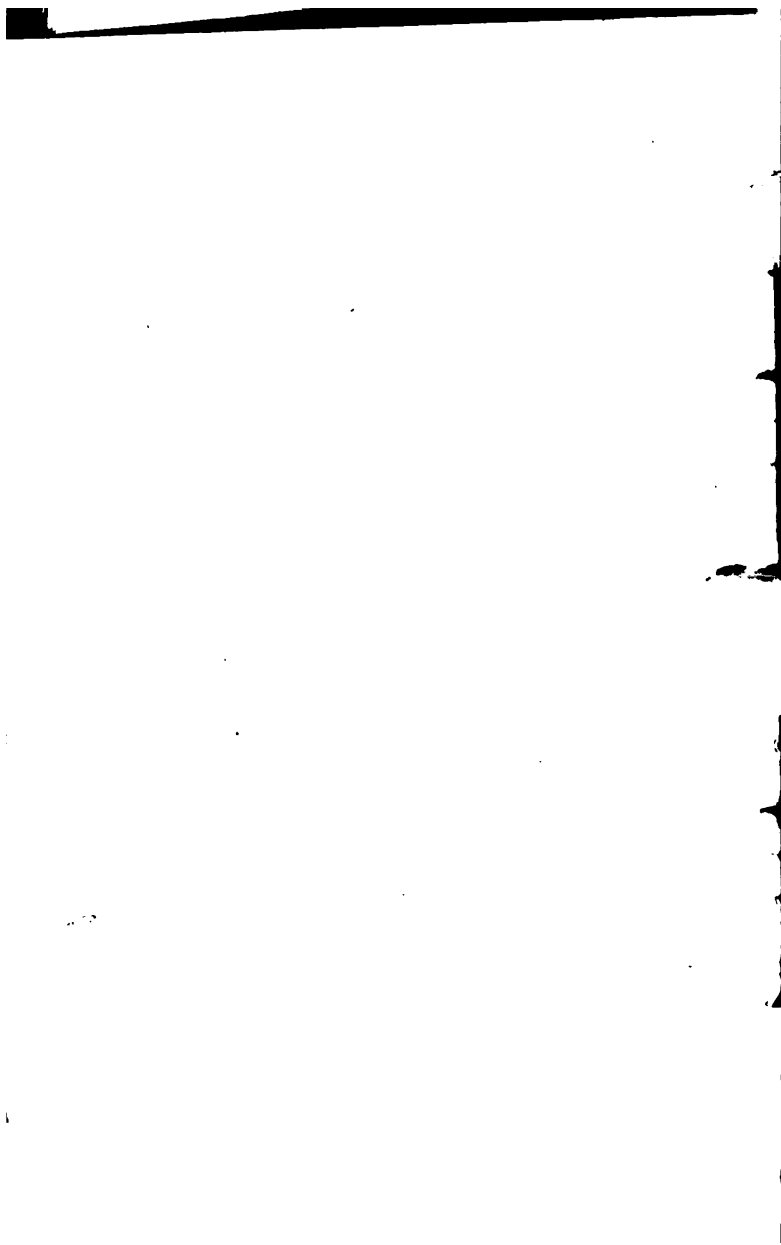
Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,
 Who meanly stole (discreditable shift)
 From back and belly too their proper cheer,
 Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
 To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
 By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
 Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
 But ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
 Aye, now you've made the rich man poor in-
 deed!
 Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
 O cursed lust of gold, when for thy sake
 The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
 First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to
 come!

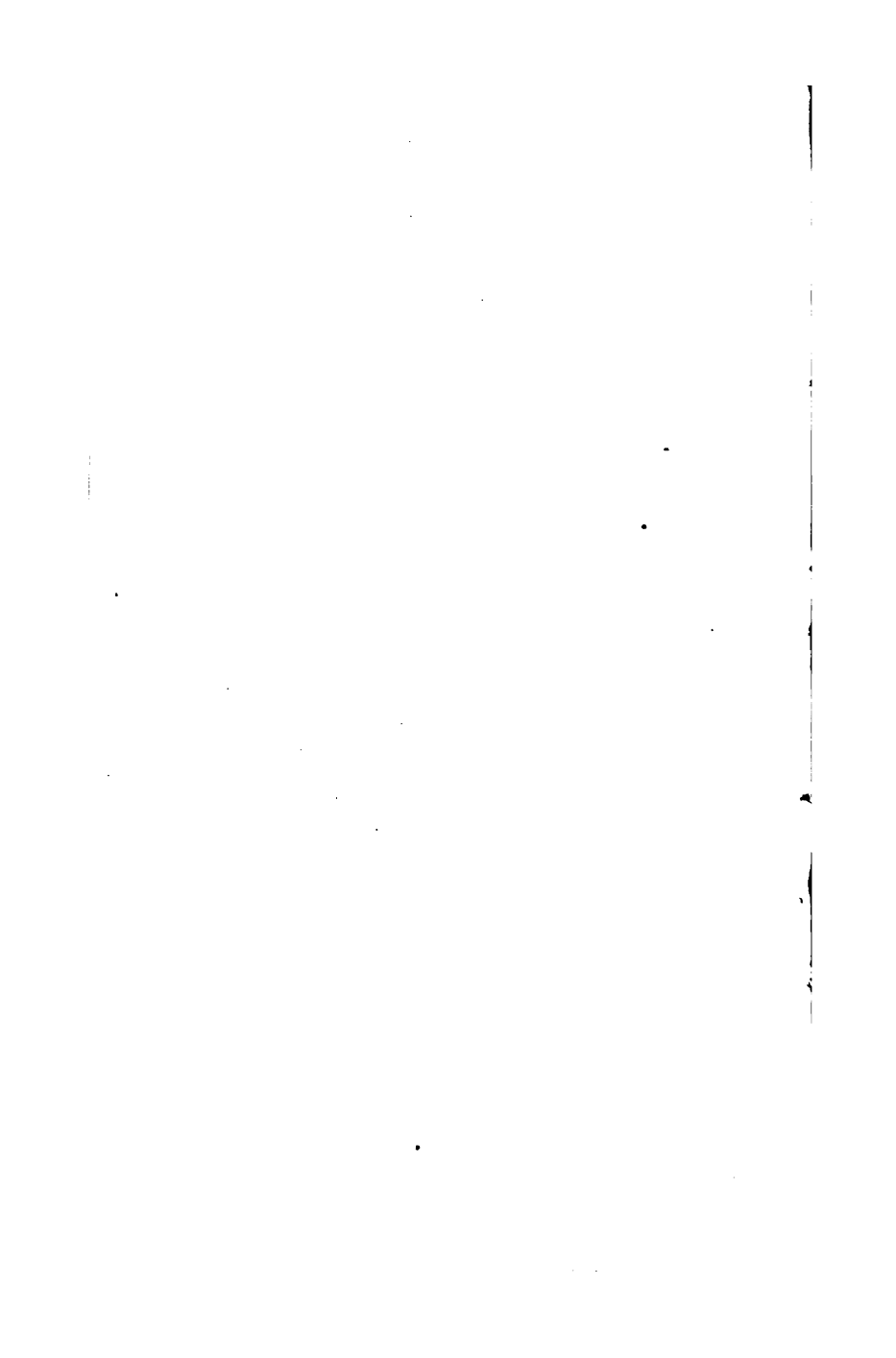
How shocking must thy summons be, O
 Death,
 To him that is at ease in his possessions,





The first bearing out the Body already put up with it
to the first bearing out the Body already put up with it





THE GRAVE

17

For part they must—body and soul must part !
Fond couple ! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge ;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death were nothing, and nought after
death ;

If when men died at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung ; then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the Heavens ; then might the
drunkard

Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear Death ; then might the
wretch

That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel :—
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could
force

The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes ? Sure he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But, if there's an *hereafter*—
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd

And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man—
 Then must it be an awful thing to die ;
 More horrid yet to die by one's own hand !
 Self-murder ! Name it not ; our island's shame ;
 That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring
 states.

Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
 Self-preservation, fall by her own act ?
 Forbid it, Heaven ! Let not, upon disgust,
 The shameless hand be fully crimson'd o'er
 With blood of its own lord ! Dreadful attempt,
 Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
 To rush into the presence of our Judge !
 As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
 And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard-of tor-
 tures

Must be reserv'd for such : these herd together ;
 The common damn'd shun their society,
 And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
 Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd !
 How long, how short, we know not: this we
 know,

—Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
 Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give per-
 mission :

Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,
 And wait th' appointed hour till they're re-
 liev'd.

Those only are the brave that keep their ground,

*D damn good
idea*

THE GRAVE

19

And keep it to the last. To run away
 Is but a coward's trick : to run away
 From this world's ills, that at the very worst
 Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
 By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
 And plunging headlong in the dark—'tis mad !
 No frenzy half so desperate as this.

*swaggers out
 a coward
 sure!*

Tell us, ye dead ! will none of you in pity
 To those you left behind disclose the secret ?
 O ! that some courteous ghost would blab it
 out

What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
 I've heard that souls departed have sometimes
 Forewarn'd men of their death. 'Twas kindly
 done

hilarious

To knock and give th' alarm. But what means
 This stinted charity ? 'Tis but lame kindness
 That does its work by halves. Why might you
 not

Tell us what 'tis to die ? Do the strict laws
 Of your society forbid your speaking
 Upon a point so nice ? I'll ask no more.
 Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
 Enlightens but yourselves. Well — 'tis no
 matter :

A very little time will clear up all,
 And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick. Here falls the village
 swain,
 And there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes
 round,
 And who so artful as to put it by?
 'Tis long since death had the majority,
 Yet, strange, the living lay it not to heart!
 See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
 The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
 Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
 A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
 Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaint-
 ance,
 By far his juniors! Scarce a scull's cast up
 But well he knew its owner, and can tell
 Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
 The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years;
 And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
 Or clubs a smuttier tale: when drunkards meet,
 None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
 More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds
 not
 That soon some trusty brother of the trade
 Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
 Drop off, like leaves in Autumn; yet launch out
 Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
 In the world's hale and undegenerate days

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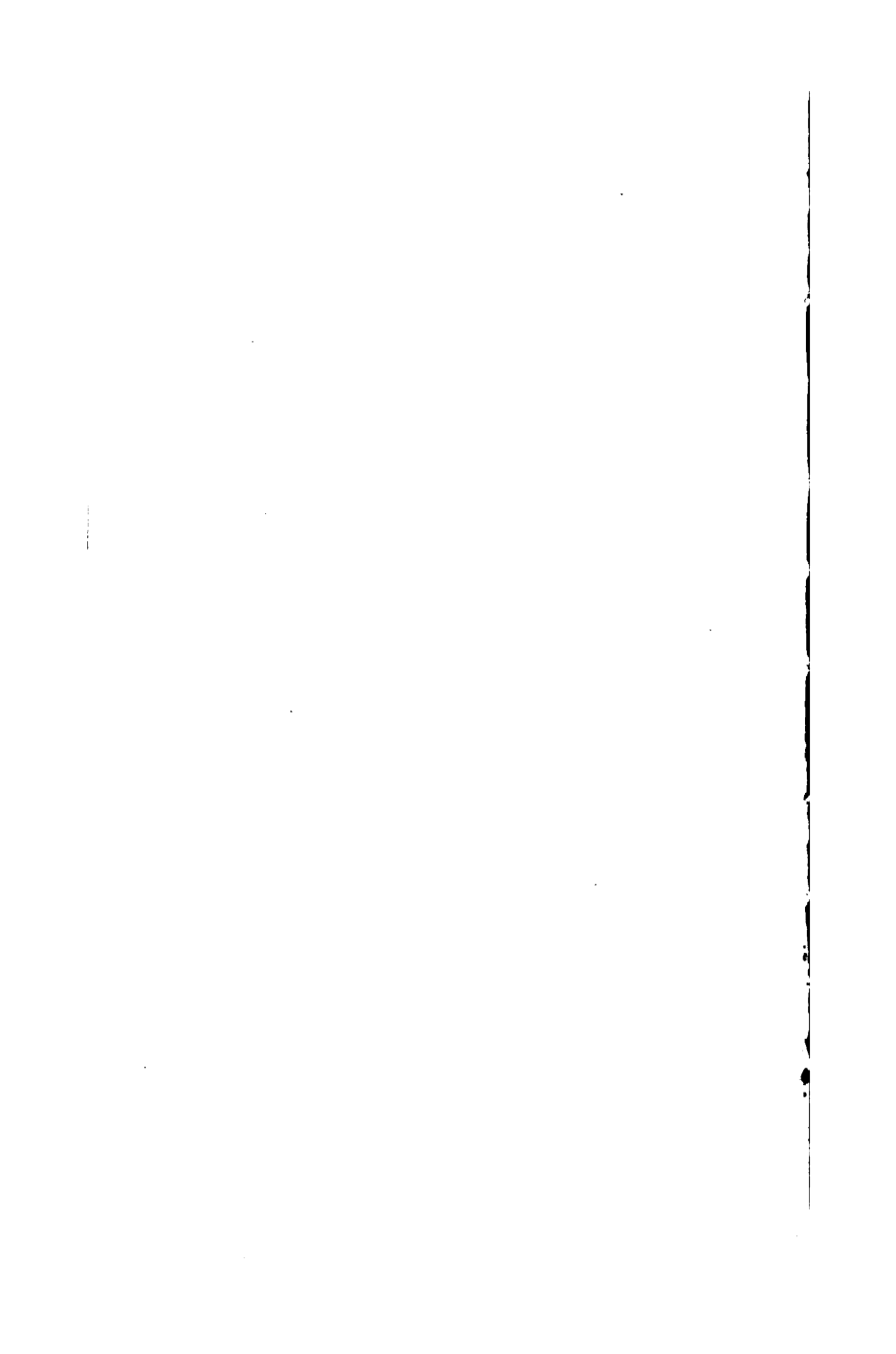


The Descent of Man into the Vale of Death

'Tis here all ends

London, Published by Messrs. G. & C. Colburn, Strand.





Could scarce have leisure for; fools that we
are!

Never to think of Death and of ourselves
At the same time!—as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish!
For creatures of a day in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first sworn surge shall sweep us in!
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight
thief,

That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with Death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones!
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring in their turns
They too must cover their's. 'Tis here all
meet!

The shiv'ring Icelander and sun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before,
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the
Christian.

Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge

Are huddled out of sight ! Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty - skill ; Death scorns to
treat.

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders ; and, when the stern
tyrant,

With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought
escapes,

Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and
foes

Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant ; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters ;

The barren wife ; and long-demurring maid,
 Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
 Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
 Not to be come at by the willing hand.
 Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
 The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
 Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
 Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley
 here !

Here garrulous old age winds up his tale ;
 And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
 Whose every day was made of melody,
 Hears not the voice of mirth ; the shrill-tongu'd
 shrew,

Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
 Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave ;
 The just, the good, the worthless, and profane ;
 The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred ;
 The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the
 mean ;

The supple statesman, and the patriot stern ;
 The wrecks of nations and the spoils of time,
 With all the lumber of six thousand years !

Poor man ! how happy once in thy first state,
 When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand
 He stamp'd thee with his image, and well pleas'd,
 Smil'd on his last fair work ! Then all was
 well.

Sound was the body, and the soul serene ;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts. Nor head nor
heart

Offer'd to ache ; nor was there cause they should,
For all was pure within. No fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom. Summer seas
Shew not more smooth when kiss'd by southern
winds,

Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,
The generous soil with a luxurious hand
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And every thing most perfect in it's kind.
Blessed, thrice blessed days ! But ah, how
short !

Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men ;
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slipp'ry state of things ! What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history ! To-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set most abject !
How scant the space between these vast ex-
tremes !

Thus far'd it with our sire ; not long h' enjoyed
His Paradise ! Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again ! And must he go ?

Can nought compound for the first dire offence
 Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,
 Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
 And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
 Not all the lavish odours of the place,
 Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
 Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel
 With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,
 And drives the loit'rer forth; nor must he
 take
 One last and farewell round. At once he lost
 His glory and his God! If mortal now,
 And sorely maim'd, no wonder — Man has
 sinn'd!

Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
 Evil he would needs try; nor tried in vain.
 Dreadful experiment—destructive measure—
 Where the worst thing could happen, is suc-
 cess!

Alas! too well he sped; the good he scorn'd
 Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
 Not to return; or, if it did, it's visits,
 Like those of angels, short, and far between:
 Whilst the black demon, with his hell-scap'd
 train,

Admitted once into its better room,
 Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
 Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
 Saw the rash error which he could not mend;

An error fatal not to him alone,
 But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
 Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
 Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
 And it's vast body bleeds through every vein.

What havock hast thou made, foul monster,
 sin!

Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
 Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee
 Sorrow had never been. All-noxious thing,
 Of vilest nature! Other sorts of evils
 Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
 The fierce volcano, from his burning entrails
 That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
 Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
 Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
 And there it stops. The big-swoln inundation,
 Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
 Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more:
 But that too has it's shore it cannot pass.
 More dreadful far than those, sin has laid
 waste,

Not here and there a country, but a world;
 Dispatching at a wide extended blow
 Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing
 A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
 Blasting the foodful grain, and loaded branches,
 And marking all along it's way with ruin!

in
 a
 bin
 by a
 man
 named
 John

Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find
 A proper name to call thee by, expressive
 Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!
 Of temper so transcendently malign,
 That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
 Compar'd to thee are harmless! Sickneses,
 Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
 And bluest plagues, are thine! See how the
 fiend
 Profusely scatters the contagion round!
 Whilst deep-mouth'd Slaughter, bellowing at her
 heels,
 Wades deep in blood new-spilt; yet for to-
 morrow
 Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
 And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But hold! I've gone too far; too much dis-
 cover'd

My father's nakedness and nature's shame.
 Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,
 One burst of filial duty and condolence,
 O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread,
 This chaos of mankind! O great man-eater!
 Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet!
 Unheard-of epicure, without a fellow!
 The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
 Some intervals of abstinence are sought
 To edge the appetite; thou seekest none!

Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,

And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
 This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
 But ah ! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more ;
 Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
 On whom lank Hunger lays her skinny hand,
 And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings :
 As if Diseases, Massacres, and Poison,
 Famine and War, were not thy caterers !

But know that thou must render up the
 dead,

And with high interest too ! they are not thine ;
 But only in thy keeping for a season,
 Till the great promis'd day of restitution,
 When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
 Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
 And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
 Daylight, and liberty.—

Then must thy doors fly open, and reveal
 The minds that lay long forming under ground,
 In their dark cells immur'd ; but now full ripe,
 And pure as silver from the crucible,
 That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
 And inquisition of the forge. We know
 Th' illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
 The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy
 power

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The Day of Judgment.
—London. Published by Messrs. Colnaghi & Co. 21, Pall Mall.

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The Soul exploring the recesses of the Grave

Lambert Published May 18th. & by Smith & Son, Strand





THE GRAVE

29

Thou could'st not hold ; self-vigorous he rose,
And shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent :
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall !)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And shew'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to Heaven. Methinks I see
him

what's that?

will happen

Climb th' aërial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds : but the faint eye,
Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops it's
hold,

Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in ;
Nor are his friends shut out : as a great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train ; it was his royal will,
That where he is there should his followers
be.

Death only lies between, a gloomy path !
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears !
But nor untrod, nor tedious : the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no bye-road
To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun ? Fools that we are !

This way →

likeway //

We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom ;
 But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
 So have I seen, upon a summer's ev'n,
 Fast by the riv'let's brink, a youngster play :
 How wishfully he looks to stem the tide !
 This moment resolute, next unresolv'd,
 At last he dips his foot ; but, as he dips,
 His fears redouble, and he runs away
 From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
 Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
 And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome
 Death !

That, after many a painful bleeding step,
 Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
 On the long - wish'd - for shore. Prodigious
 change !

Our bane turn'd to a blessing ! Death disarm'd
 Loses its fellness quite ; all thanks to him
 Who scourg'd the venom out ! Sure the last end
 Of the good man is peace. How calm, his exit !
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
 Behold him in the ev'ning tide of life,
 A life well spent, whose early care it was
 His riper years should not upbraid his green :
 By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away ;
 Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting !
 High in his faith and hopes, look how he
 reaches

After the prize in view ! and, like a bird
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away !
 Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide ex-
 panded

To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
 Of the fast-coming harvest ! Then—O then
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
 Shrunk to a thing of nought ! O how he longs
 To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd !
 'Tis done — and now he's happy ! The glad
 soul

Has not a wish uncrown'd. E'en the lag flesh
 Rests too in hope of meeting once again
 It's better half, never to sunder more.
 Nor shall it hope in vain : the time draws on
 When not a single spot of burial-earth,
 Whether on land or in the spacious sea,
 But must give back it's long committed dust
 Inviolatè : and faithfully shall these
 Make up the full account ; not the least atom
 Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale !
 Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd ; —
 And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane !
 Ask not how this can be ? Sure the same
 power

That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
 Can reassemble the loose scatter'd parts,
 And put them as they were. Almighty God
 Has done much more ; nor is his arm impair'd

Through length of days; and what he can he
will:

His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.

When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring
dust,

Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;

And every joint possess its proper place,

With a new elegance of form, unknown

To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul

Mistake its partner; but, amidst the crowd

Singling its other half, into its arms

Shall rush, with all th' impatience of a man

That's new come home, and, having long been
absent,

With haste runs over every different room,

In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!

Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more!

'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;

We make the grave our bed, and then are gone!

Thus at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird

Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake

Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day;

Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

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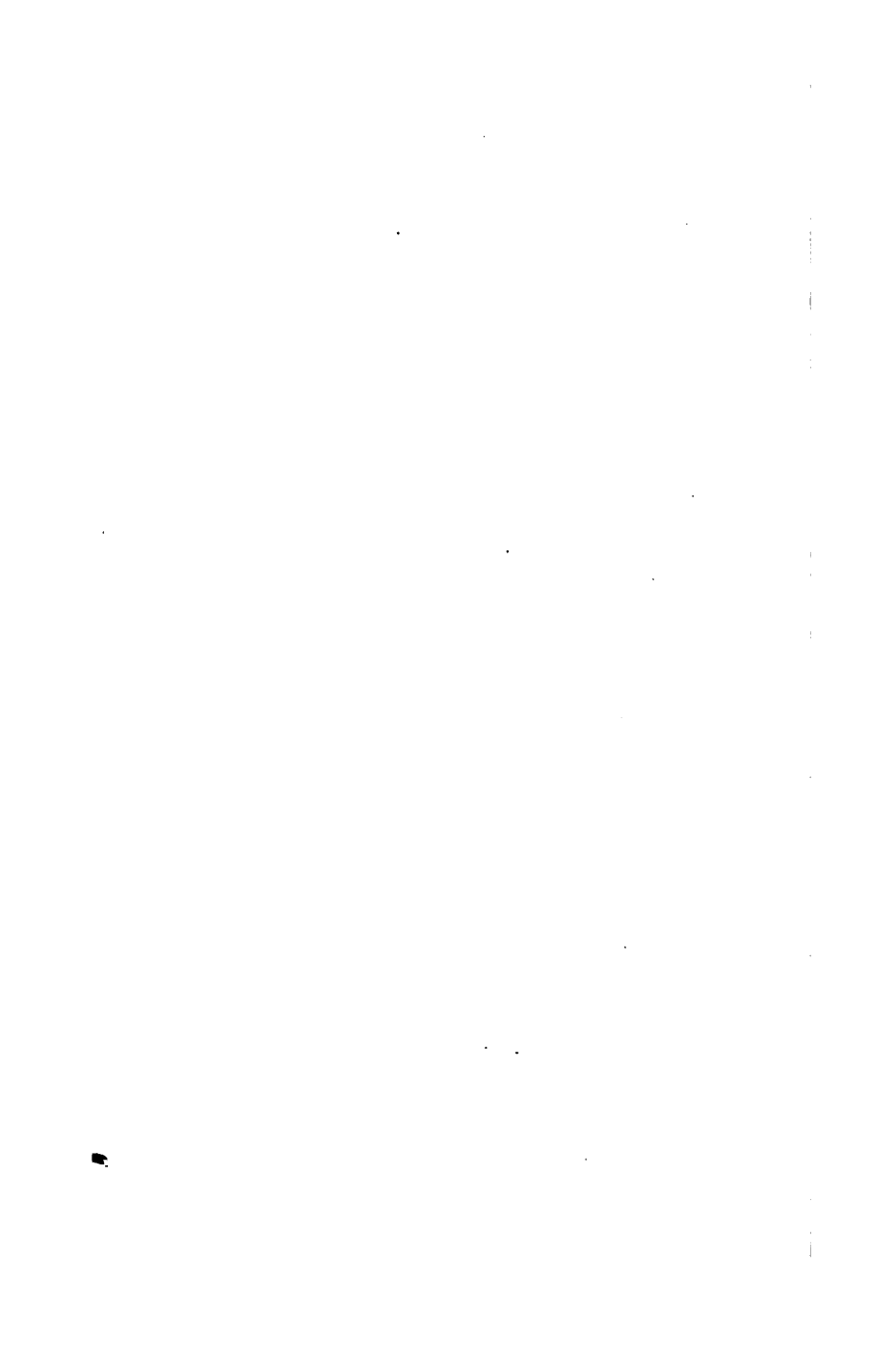
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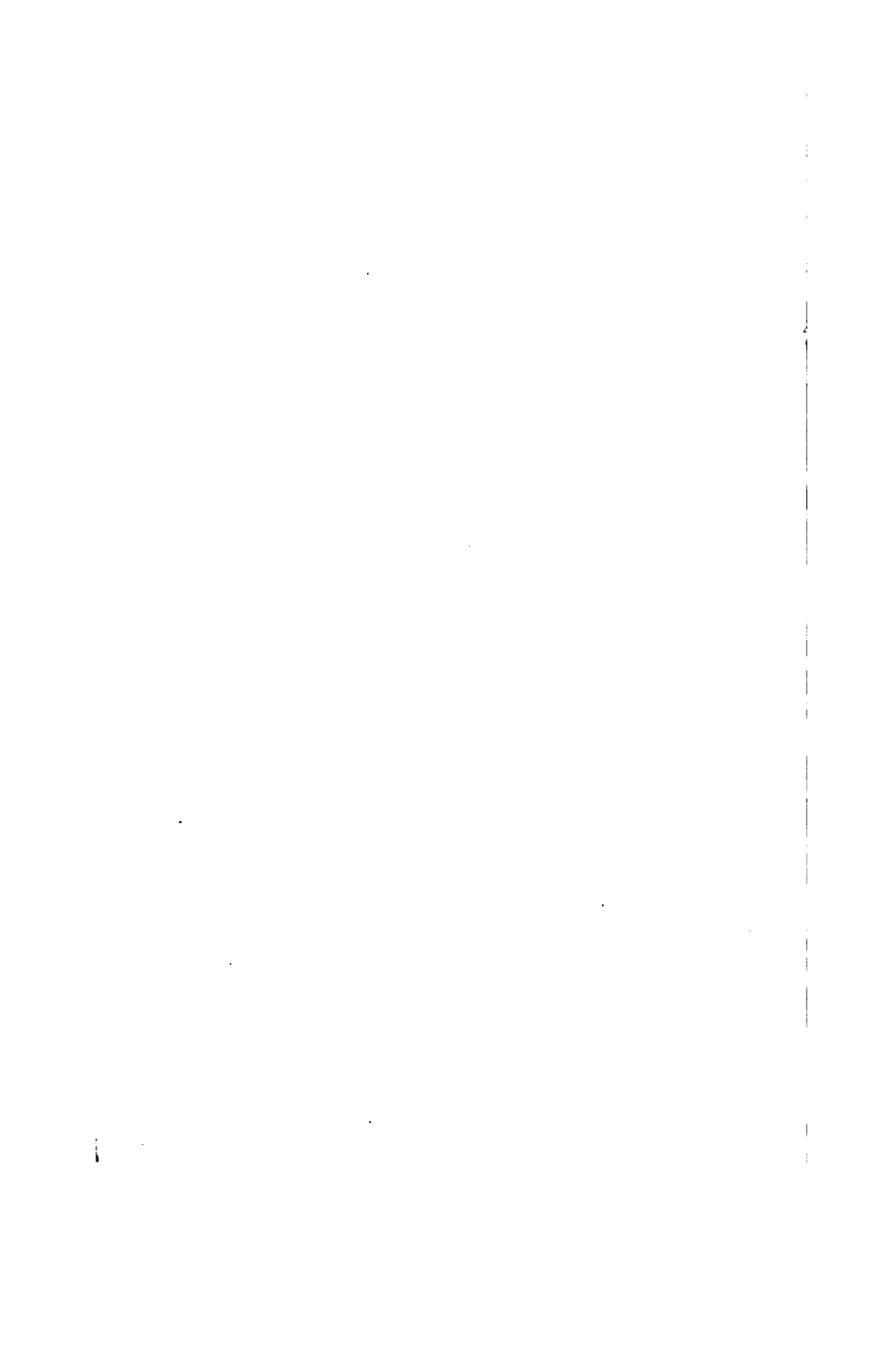
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Death's Door.

*'Tis but a Night, a long and moonless Night,
We make the Grave our Bed and then are gone!
London, Published May 1st 1844 by Child & Davies, Strand.*





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Death's Door.

*'Tis but a Night a long and moonless Night,
We make the Grave our Bed and then are gone!
London, Published May 1, 1841, by Galt & Davies, Strand.*

OF THE DESIGNS

By the arrangement here made, the regular progression of Man, from his first descent into the Vale of Death, to his last admission into Life eternal, is exhibited. These Designs, detached from the Work they embellish, form of themselves a most interesting Poem.

I. THE DESCENT OF CHRIST INTO THE GRAVE.

“Eternal King, whose potent arm sustains
The keys of Death and Hell!”

II. THE DESCENT OF MAN INTO THE VALE OF DEATH.

The pious daughter weeping and conducting her sire onward; age, creeping carefully on hands and knees; an elder, without friend or kindred; a miser; a bachelor, blindly proceeding, no one knows where, ready to drop into the dark abyss; frantic youth rashly devoted to vice and passion, rushing past the diseased and old, who totters on crutches; the wan declining virgin; the miserable and distracted widow; the hale country youth; and the mother and her numerous progeny, already

arrived in this valley, are among the groups which speak irresistibly to the feelings.

III. DEATH'S DOOR.

The Door opening, that seems to make utter darkness visible; age, on crutches, hurried by a tempest into it. Above is the renovated man seated in light and glory.

IV. THE STRONG AND WICKED MAN DYING.

Extent of limb, a broad capacious chest, heaving in agony, and prodigious muscular force, so exerted as to portray the excruciating torments of mind and body, all contribute to give a fearful picture of the Strong and Wicked Man in the pangs of Death. His masculine soul is hurried through the casement in flame, while his daughter hides her face with horror not to be resisted, and his frantic wife rushes forward, as if resolved to share his fate.

V. THE GOOD OLD MAN DYING.

Never perhaps were two subjects more happily conceived, and beautifully contrasted, than this and the former. In that all is confusion, hurry, and terror; in this are perfect repose, beatic hope, and heavenly consolation. Peace in his countenance, his hand on the gospel, his soul devoutly ascending to eternal bliss, his affectionate children,

some in prayer, others believing, or at least anxiously hoping, that he still lives; all denote how great is the happiness of the Good Man in the Hour of Death.

VI. THE SOUL HOVERING OVER THE BODY.

“How wishfully she looks
On all she’s leaving, now no longer her’s!”

VII. THE SOUL EXPLORING THE RECESSES OF THE GRAVE.

The Soul, prior to the dissolution of the Body, exploring through and beyond the tomb, and there discovering the emblems of mortality and of immortality.

VIII. THE COUNSELLOR, KING, WARRIOR, MOTHER, AND CHILD.

All are equal in the Grave. Wisdom, Power, Valour, Beauty, and Innocence, at the hour of death, alike are impotent and unavailing.

IX. THE SKELETON RE-ANIMATED.

“When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb’ring dust,
Not unattentive to the call, awakes”;

while the world in flames typifies the renovation of all things, the end of Time, and the beginning of Eternity.

X. THE RE-UNION OF SOUL AND BODY.

The Body springs from the grave, the Soul descends from an opening cloud; they rush together with inconceivable energy; they meet, never again to part!

XI. A FAMILY MEETING IN HEAVEN.

The sweet felicity, the endearing tenderness, the ineffable affection, that are here depicted, are sufficiently obvious. The Husband clasps the Wife; the Children embrace; the Boy recognises and eagerly springs to his Father.

XII. THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Christ coming to judgment in the clouds of heaven, with the "Thrones set, and the Books opened." On his knees lies the Book of Life. The Recording Angels kneel on each side of his throne, and the Elders are also seated on each side of Him to judge the world. Surrounding the throne are the blessed, entering into their joy; and arising from these, on each hand, are two clouds of figures: one with the insignia of Baptism; the other with the insignia of the Lord's Supper, inclosing a glorification of angels, with harps. Beneath, on the right hand of Christ, are the

blessed, rising in the air to judgment ; on the left hand are the cursed : Some are precipitating themselves from the face of Him that sitteth on the Throne (among them is Satan, wound round with the Serpent), others are pleading their own righteousness, and others, beneath, fleeing with banners and spears among the rocks, crying to the "rocks to cover them." Beneath these are represented the harlot's mystery, and the dragon, who flee before the face of the Judge. In the centre, standing on the midst of the earth, is the angel with the last trumpet. On each side of him is an angel : that on the left is drawing his sword on the wicked ; that on the right is sheathing his sword on the just, who are rising in various groups, with joy and affection, family by family. The angel with the trumpet, and his accompanying ministers of judgment, are surrounded by a column of flame, which spreads itself in various directions over the earth, from which the dead are bursting forth, some in terror, some in joy. On the opening cloud, on each hand of Christ, are two figures, supporting the books of remembrance : that over the just is beheld with humiliation ; that over the wicked with arrogance. A sea of fire issues from beneath the throne of Christ, destructive to the wicked, but salutary to the righteous. Before the sea of Fire the clouds are rolled back, and the heavens "are rolled together as a scroll."

IN kindly thanking those Ladies and Gentlemen who have so liberally patronized and befriended the present Work, Mr. CROMEK begs to inform them, that he is the owner of the celebrated Cabinet Picture, painted by Mr. STOTHARD, representing THE PROCESSION OF CHAUCER'S PILGRIMS TO CANTERBURY.

He begs to announce his intention of publishing an Engraving from this interesting composition as speedily as is consistent with the time necessarily required in the execution of so magnificent an undertaking, and respectfully submits to his Subscribers, and to other Amateurs of fine Art, the following Prospectus.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE
PROCESSION
OF
CHAUCER'S PILGRIMS
TO
CANTERBURY.

PROPOSALS FOR PUBLISHING, BY SUBSCRIPTION,
A PRINT,
FROM THE WELL-KNOWN CABINET PICTURE
ON THAT SUBJECT,

By THOMAS STOTHARD, ESQ., R.A.

TO BE EXECUTED IN THE LINE MANNER OF ENGRAVING,
AND IN THE SAME EXCELLENT STYLE AS THE
PORTRAIT OF MR. WILLIAM BLAKE,
PREFIXED TO THIS WORK,

By LOUIS SCHIAVONETTI, Esq., V.A.

THE GENTLEMAN WHO HAS ETCHED THE PRINTS THAT AT ONCE
ILLUSTRATE AND EMBELLISH THE PRESENT VOLUME.

PROSPECTUS

“Dan Chaucer—grete him wel!”

THE reputation of Chaucer, the reformer of the English language, and the father of English poetry, may, without presumption, be thought to justify the Proprietor in presenting the Public with a work designed to bring together, in one point of view, and to represent, in their true forms, living features, and adventitious appendages, all the characters of the Canterbury Tales. These Tales are the most pleasing of Chaucer's Works. It is the characters which are described in the *general Prologue* to them which Mr. Stothard has now transferred to the Canvas; and with so much truth and sprightliness, and in a manner so agreeable, that the Poet's humour may, with truth, be said to be revived in the Painter.

It is the particular merit of this Piece, that the Story is immediately brought home to the Spectator. He becomes instantly one of the group, and sees them move before him, marked by their distinctive habits, characters, and sensations, in the same manner as Chaucer has drawn them. The idea of the Poet is impressed at the first view, — a humour unforced, agreeable, and comic; a *pleasurable Tour, sanctified by the name of Pilgrimage*. The covert ridicule on these eccentric excursions, which Chaucer intended, is very happily preserved in his Face; the quiet indifference of one of the Monks, the hypocrisy of another, and the real piety of a third, are with equal excellency pourtrayed. The gay levity of the *Wife of*

Bath, and the countenance of the *old Ploughman*, worn down with age and labour, are finely rendered. The Miller is an admirable character; and his Horse is as much in character as himself. *The Fop of Chaucer's Age* is exhibited as making a display of his riding; and *the Sea Captain* bestrides his Nag with the usual awkwardness of the Sailor. The pale and studious countenance of the Oxford Scholar; the stateliness of the Lady Abbess; the facetiousness and homely humour of the Host, as contrasted with the Serjeant at Law, and the Doctor of Physic;—all these peculiarities of character are very finely and delicately expressed. The costume of each Person is correct with an antiquarian exactness;¹ and the whole group is so well distributed that each character is sufficiently seen, and in his due place.

The Scene of the Picture is laid in that part of the road to Canterbury which commands a view of the Dulwich Hills—the Time, a beautiful and serene May Morning. The Pilgrims are grouped with a decorum suited to their respective characters, and in the order in which we may suppose Chaucer himself to have seen them, headed by the Miller, playing upon his pipe, under the guidance of *Harry Baillic, the Host*; who, as Master of the Ceremonies, is represented standing in his stirrups, in the act of commanding attention to the proposal he is about to make, of drawing lots to determine which of the company shall tell the first Tale. Near to

¹ *Mr. Douce*, in his admirable "*Illustrations of Shakespeare, and of Ancient Manners*," speaking of the zeal which manifests itself among the leading Artists of the present day to obtain correct notions of the manners of former times whenever they have occasion to depict them, observes, that "Mr. Stothard, with every claim to superior talent, has recently finished a Painting of the Procession of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, which may be classed among the choicest morsels of its kind. The attention to accuracy of costume which it displays has never been exceeded, and but very seldom so well directed."—Vol. ii. p. 285.

*Knight; the Franklin,
Law; the Merchant;
quire* is mounted on
betwixt these two

Close behind the
in green. The
ed of five charac-

*on's Priest; the Good
an.* The figures

*the Shipman; the
himself.¹ Next,
the Wife of
represented
ar; behind
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*he Dyer, and
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Hoppner, a gentleman who is himself of the first eminence in his professional capacity of an Historical and Portrait Painter.

TO RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

May 30, 1807.

Dear Sir,—You desire me to give you some account of the Procession of Chaucer's Pilgrims, painted by Stothard, and the task is a pleasant one; for the praise called forth by the merits of a living artist, from a rival in the pursuit of fame, is, I feel like mercy, twice blessed—

“It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.”

The Painter has chosen that moment for his Picture when the Pilgrims may be supposed to have disengaged themselves from the multitude that bustle in the environs of a great metropolis, and are collected together by Harry Baillie, their guide and host. The scene is therefore laid in that part of their road from London that commands a view of the Dulwich hills, where, it may be supposed, the Host could, without fear of interruption, proclaim his proposal of drawing lots, to determine who should tell the first tale. He is represented standing in his stirrups, and appears to exult in the plan he has formed for their mutual entertainment. You see the group gently pacing forward,—all are in motion,—yet too well satisfied with each other to be eager for their journey's end. The features of each individual are touched with the most happy discrimination of character, and prove the Painter to have studied the human heart with as much attention, and not less successfully, than the Poet.

This intelligent group is rendered still more interesting by the charm of colouring, which, though simple, is strong, and most harmoniously distributed throughout the picture. The landscape has a deep-toned brightness, that accords most admirably with the figures: and the painter has ingeniously contrived to give a value

to a common scene and very ordinary forms, that would hardly be found, by unlearned eyes, in the natural objects. He has expressed too, with great vivacity and truth, the freshness of morning, at that season, when Nature herself is most fresh and blooming—the Spring; and it requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine we perceive the influence of it on the cheeks of the Fair Wife of Bath, and her rosy companions, the Monk and Friar.

In respect of the execution of the various parts of this pleasing design, it is not too much praise to say, that it is wholly free from that vice which painters term manner; and it has this peculiarity beside, which I do not remember to have seen in any picture ancient or modern, that it bears no mark of the period in which it was painted, but might very well pass for the work of some able artist of the time of Chaucer. This effect is not, I believe, the result of any association of ideas connected with the costume, but appears in a primitive simplicity, and the total absence of all affectation, either of colour or pencilling.

Having attempted to describe a few of the beauties of this captivating performance, it remains only for me to mention one great defect—The picture is, notwithstanding appearances, a modern one. But if you can divest yourself of the general prejudice that exists against contemporary talents, you will see a work that would have done honour to any school, at any period.—I am, Dear Sir, &c. &c.,

JOHN HOPPNER.

CONDITIONS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The Picture is 3 Feet 1 Inch long, and 1 Foot high. The Print will be executed exactly of the same size. The Price of the Prints will be Three Guineas; Proof Impressions, Five Guineas.—Gentlemen who wish to possess this Engraving are requested to forward their address to Mr. Cromeck, No. 64 Newman Street, London;

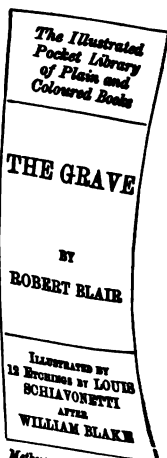
and, as the number of Proof Prints will be limited, an early application is indispensable.

The Purchasers of this Print are respectfully informed that it will receive a considerably increased value from the circumstance of being enriched with an engraved Portrait of Mr. Stothard, executed by Mr. Schiavonetti, in the same style of excellence as the subject itself, from a capital original picture, painted by John Hoppner, Esq., R.A., and by that Gentleman obligingly contributed for this purpose.

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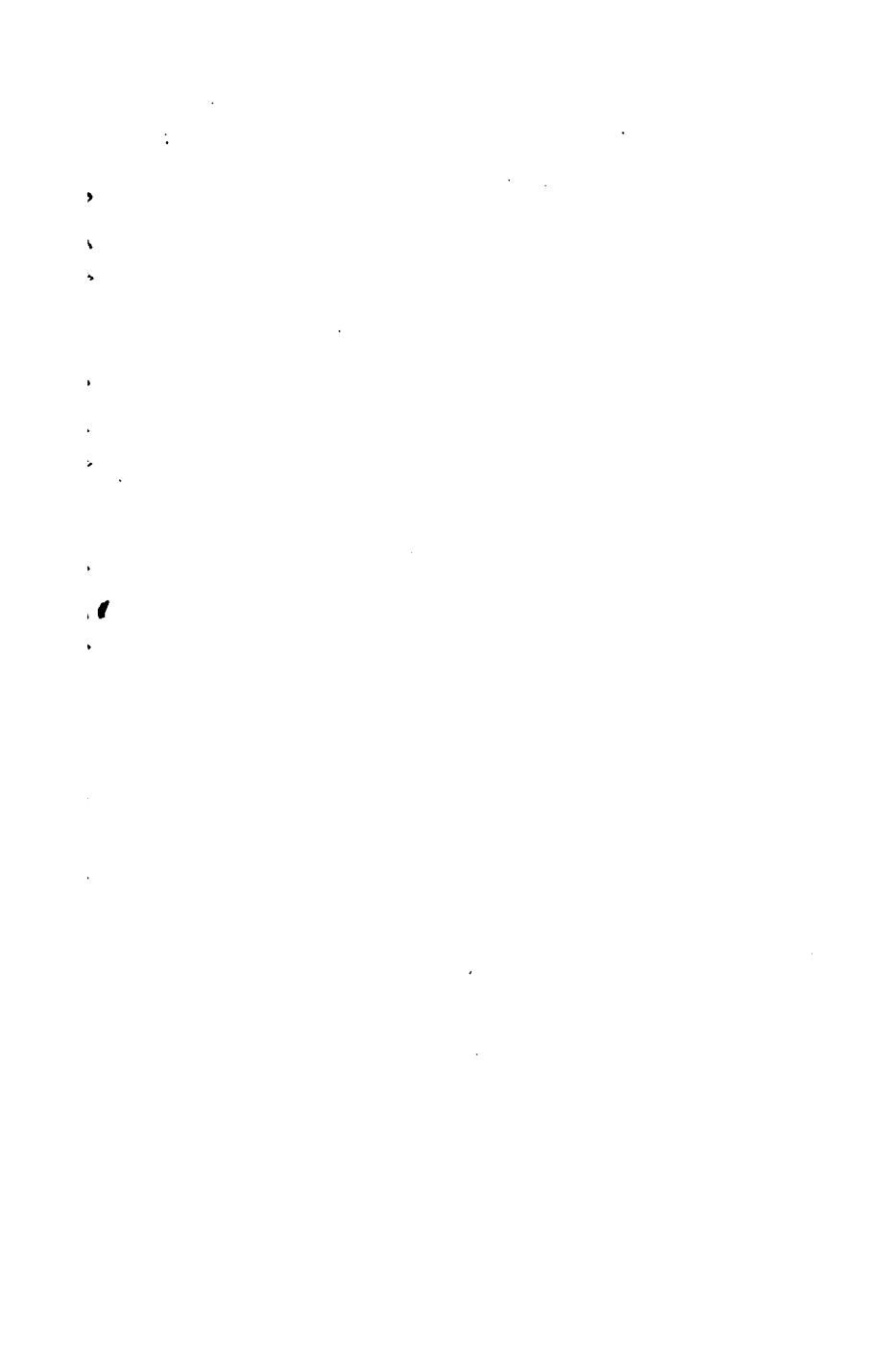
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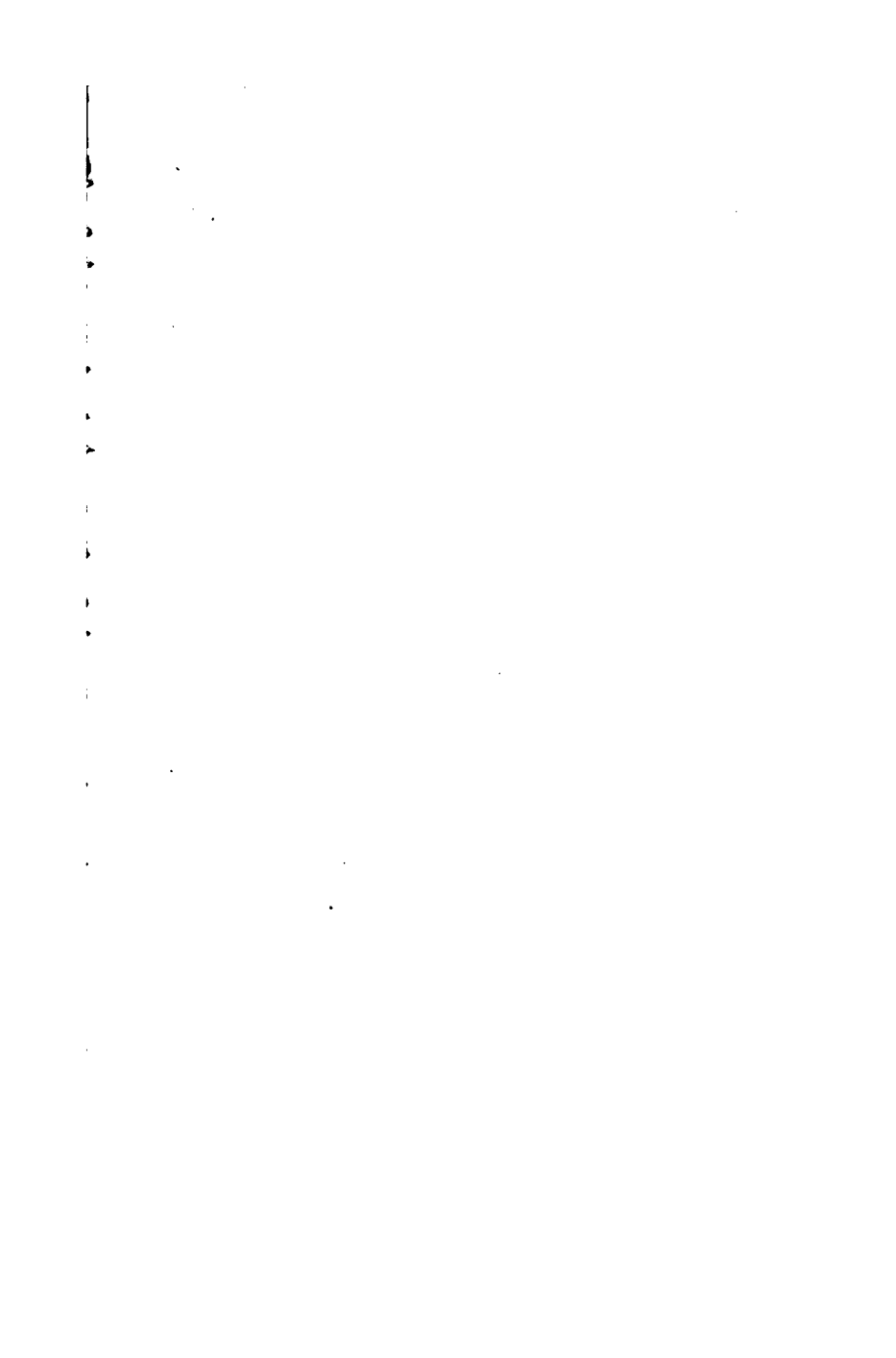
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